

BASEBALLS YANKEES AFT NEW IS KNOCKED OUT

WOMEN ROOTERS SET WILD BY BIG HITTING

Gayly Dressed Throngs Yell Loudly and Some Even Toss Hats Into Air.

ONE PROVES A SEERESS

She Really Predicted That Giants Would Come Out Victorious in Game.

TEA TIME IS SUGGESTED

Ladies Favor Fifth Inning Hiatus for Visiting and General Look Around.

By MARTHA E. COMAN.

The air must have vibrated with signals that yesterday's game between the Giants and the Yankees at the Polo Grounds was to be a rattling good one, for not since the world series started Wednesday has there been so much ginger and enthusiasm in the field and in the grand stand and such a crowd of women out to see the big league battle. At the previous games the women seemed to be lost in the mass of regular cigar smoking veterans, but when the Giants trotted out to the diamond to practise, twice as lively as the day before, the boxes and grandstand seats were well filled with the feminine contingent. They really stood out both for numbers and for bright appearance.

The emphasis of the women spectators was due in part to the fact that they had put on their gayest colored hats for the occasion. It may have been to encourage the downhearted Giants or just because they felt sprightly themselves, but however one explains the psychology of the color effect the fact remains that there were masses of bright blue hats on the right side of the grand stand and masses of red hats on the other, with an occasional purple or orange one standing in bold relief against the sombre background of brown and black federal uniforms.

Any woman would confess that she never saw so many red hats and so many blue hats at any one gathering. And they were not alone. They were out to cheer up the players and make them see without having to study the crowd that there were hundreds of women rooters.

Outnumbered: Not Outclassed.

Though they were outnumbered, the women were by no means outclassed by the men when it came to expressions of enthusiasm. At the two victories of the Yankees so far in the series nothing the yesterday's outburst was seen of. The men removed their pipes and cigars long enough to shout or dropped their score cards and pencils to permit the freedom of a handclap, but the women jumped right up and yelled and they were vigorous. They tore off their long white gloves and beat the air with them; they unfurled their fur neckpieces and waved them joyfully when Burns, the Giants' centre fielder, batted a ball toward the fence and the runs began to pile up. One woman jerked off her hat and threw it into the air in her excitement over Young's two runs for the National League.

The Yankees had the feminine rooters, who cheered their lustiest when Ward, second baseman, caught a fly that everybody thought was going straight into the bleachers. But the Giants' cheerers were determined to make it a victorious day for the home team. And if any further proof is needed that the women knew how or were going it may be stated right here that a woman attendant in the grandstand announced an hour and a half before the game was called that the Giants would win. She had called the turn on the Yankees' two successive victories, which makes her prophecy seem psychic, particularly in view of the gloomy predictions of some of the expert baseball writers as to the chances of the Giants. Who says that some women don't know something about baseball?

Baseball Tip From Women.

If women ever have anything to do with the arrangements of a world series they will suggest an intermission about the end of the fifth inning, when they get up and walk around, see who's there and what everybody is wearing, and after the diversion let a lot more like sitting down for another hour of intense play. They'd make it more like a football game or a horse show—friendly and sociable, with visiting in the boxes and, maybe, tea on the roof.

The thirteen-five game, third in the series, was a game that women could understand more easily than the others, because there was a great deal of action, bits that you couldn't mistake, and so many runs that all you had to do was to mark them up. In other words, it appeared to be a simple, open game.

Babe Ruth got a hand now and then, but he wasn't the star of Thursday or the day before. And when he struck out the first time he was up his supporters' throats. In the first half of the eighth inning, when he went to first on a single, it seemed a bad omen. Even Ruth took it that way. The announcer told the thousands of fans who waited for the end that Fawcett would run for Ruth and the big prodigy nodded round the field to the Yankees' quarters, taking off his cap when there were modest bursts of applause. The women on the first base side stood up and yelled. The Yankees' before there would have been hundreds of feminine farewells. But yesterday was the Giants' day.

Stock Exchange Golfers Play Over Rye Course To-day

The second golf tournament of the Association of Stock Exchange Firms will be played over the Watchtower-Biltmore Country Club course at Rye, today. It will be a match of play against par in each hole, and there will be four handicaps. All the players entered are members in New York Stock Exchange firms.

In addition to the tournament there will be a team match between the Stock Exchange members and office partners, and a match to be awarded to the winning team of four low net scores.

Barnes's Father on Route.

TORONTO, Kan., Oct. 7.—Luther Barnes, of Cleveland, Kan., today was en route to New York in the hope of seeing his son Jess Barnes, pitcher against the Yankees.

GIANTS BEAT THE YANKS BY 13 TO 5

Continued from First Page.

heaved a restful sigh, according to its nature. The fourth time he took his base on balls. This was in the eighth inning and dusk at the end of a perfect autumn day was gathering about what seemed to be a certain defeat for the Yankees.

So fickle is the mob, so silly in its sudden turns of temper if a favorite doesn't make an ace every day, that when this big coruscated boy Ruth came to the plate in this eighth inning there was scarcely a cheer for him. He is the home run king; the Yankees are where they are largely because of him; yet just because he doesn't slam out a home run every time he appears his subjects scowl and even jeer. But hear them gush again when he does accomplish a four batter in this series, as he is bent on doing.

Withdrawal of Ruth.

Ruth, by the way, withdrew from the game after getting his pass to first base in the eighth. He has a bad arm, it was said after the game, and it was thought best not to subject it to further risk in a possible gallop around the bases, which could not change the result of the game.

By the end of the seventh, which turned "anybody's game" into a rousing victory for the Giants, a large part of the crowd, satiated by every sort of thrill that may be expected in a ball

game, with the noted exception of Mr. Ruth's specialty, a home run, began clumping out of the stands. In this clodus, continuing through the eighth and ninth innings, a memorable appearance down on the diamond was hardly noticed. Manager Huggins of the Yankees, as a last ditch expedient, had, when one man was out in the ninth, sent a pinch hitter to bat for the Yankee pitcher, Quinn.

This substitute was none other than J. Franklin Baker. It was the first time he had been seen in a world series game. When he came to bat with the Athletics, he performed the unprecedented feat of getting home runs off the pitching of Marquard and Mathewson on successive days. Those who recognized Baker in yesterday's closing hurly burly gave him a good cheer. He raised a noble fly with his friendly old bat, but unfortunately Irish Meusel, the Giant left fielder, bobbled it.

Excellent foolery entertained the crowd before the game. It was supplied by Nick Altrock and Al Schacht, the clowns of the Washington club of the American League. Their pantomime was funny. They played a golf game, with Altrock as golfer and Schacht as caddy. Altrock's club was a baseball bat. Imitating the antics of a temperamental caddy, he knocked his baseball all over the lot, and finally, lying on his stomach, handled the club like a billiard cut and shot the ball into the "cup."

Then Schacht led the brass band for a time, whipping frantically in among the musicians as Creator used to do, while Nick Altrock gyrated with a cornet at his lips. Finally they did an interpretive Egyptian snake dance. The snake, coiled from a baker's basket, was a string of frankfurters. In these baseball comedians hands it became an asp. Both dancers stung themselves to death with the snake, and then they lay on the turf, so that Cleopatra and her gentleman friend lay side by side and great was the lamentation at their taking off.

Crowd Entertained.

Simultaneously the press section was being informed by a peanut vendor that business had been rotten for two days because the people would not buy peanuts unless the Giants won. He passed along his own explanation of the fact could be thoroughly elucidated.

Both baseball teams were out practicing by 1 o'clock. The Yankees, as the "visitors," wore their travelling clothes of plain blue. The Giants, the home team, were in their light suits with stripes. An hour before the game the vast swathe of unreserved seats seemed to be wholly occupied. All except most parts of the grandstand were taken by the Yankees, who seemed that the Giants had a good chance to win. It did not seem logical that they could be beaten three in a row. Their fans seemed explaining that their trouble up to this time had been stage fright, nothing else.

Stranger Is Incredulous

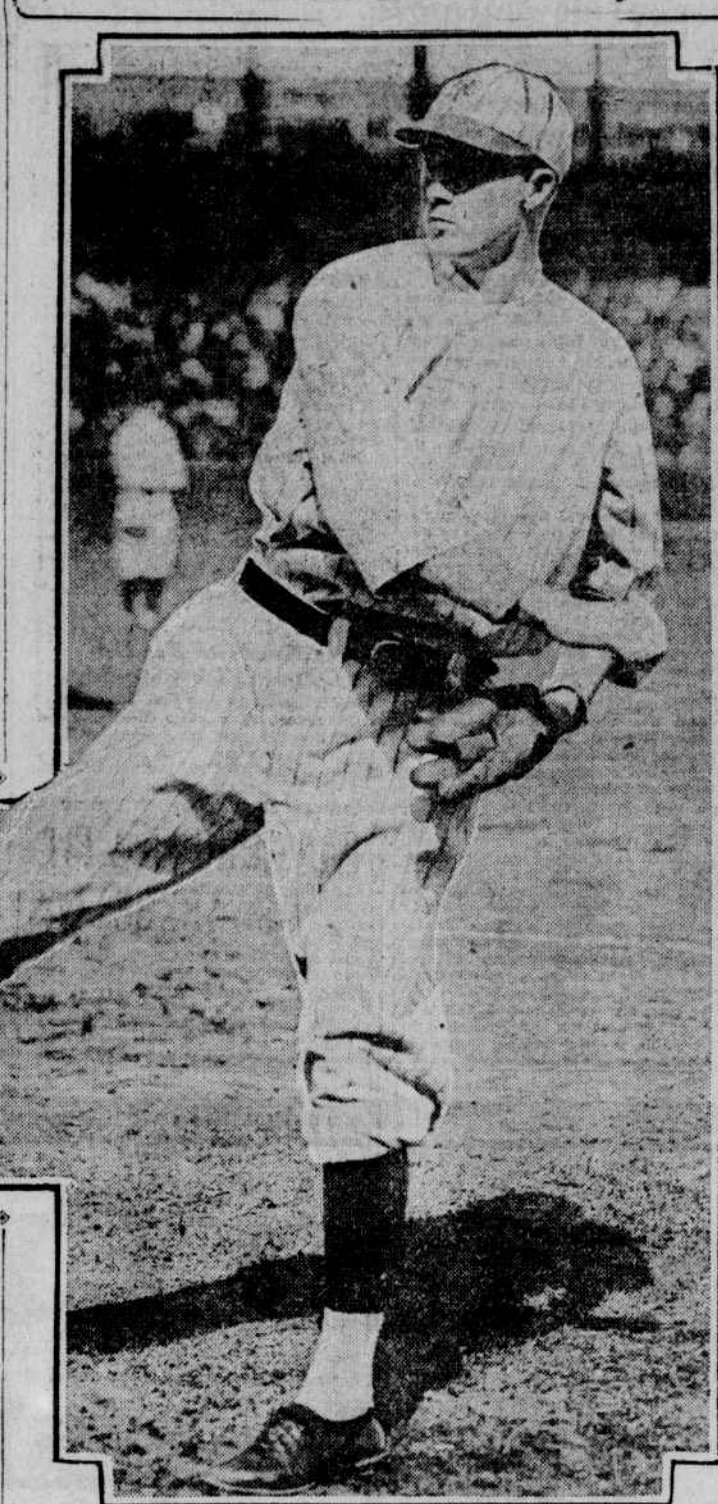
"You can't tell me that those birds could come to bat eighteen times and not get a run, can you?" said a stranger, a stranger was confiding to the assembled press. "Then again the raising of that screen that covered the field behind the bleachers, that's a sight you couldn't see the ball." The screen was still raised yesterday, but it seemed to have no disturbing optical effect. By and by, Col. Ruppert, president of the Yankees, walked past and said he was sure that the Yankees would make it five straight. For once the Colonel was mistaken.

The game started. There was no Governor or Mayor to throw out the first ball, so it wasn't thrown out; it just appeared in the hands of Pitcher Fred Toney of the Giants. The clubs are down to business now. The fans and fixings that mark the preliminaries of a world series are done with. The crowd was that much better off.

Everybody was high spirited. Roaring in the stands began as soon as the game did. Everybody was awake. As for Mr. McGraw's men, the Giants Despair of Doubting Club, had quit the old shack and made a try at Polyanna. Their conduct as well as that of the Yankees was inspiring. At no time, however, not even when the Giants opened their batting drive in the third and drove Shawkey from the box, not even when the Giants smothered the earth with his run and run in the seventh, did the crowd or any considerable part of it use its full lung power.

It has become apparent that the spectators of an intercity contest do not put the way the spectators of an intercity contest do. Indeed, the Yanks and the Giants do have their single minded partisans, but for the most part, judging from yesterday's exhibition, both teams are affectionately regarded as New York teams. There were moments yesterday when, if the disputants had been a New York club and a Chicago club, for ex-

Pitches Giants to First Victory



JESS BARNES.

Composite Score of First Three Games of the World Series

YANKEES.													GIANTS.												
Player.	ab	r	h	2b	3b	hr	tb	bb	hp	sh	sb	Bat. avg.	Player.	ab	r	h	2b	3b	hr	tb	bb	hp	sh	Bat. avg.	
Miller, C.	12	2	2	0	0	0	2	2	1	0	0	0.167	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.000	
Peckinpaugh, S.	9	2	1	0	0	0	1	2	0	1	0	0.111	8	12	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.000	
Ruth, I.	7	1	2	0	0	0	2	4	5	0	0	0.286	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.000	
Fewster, J.	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.000	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.000	
R. Meusel, I.	11	1	3	1	0	0	4	1	1	0	0	0.273	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.000	
Pipp, I.	8	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	2	0	0.000	43	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.000	
Ward, J.	11	1	4	0	0	0	4	2	1	0	0	0.364	8	17	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.000	
McNally, B.	10	1	2	1	0	0	3	1	1	0	0	0.200	0	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.000	
Schlag, C.	6	1	1	0	0	0	2	3	0	0	0	0.167	7	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.000	
Mays, P.	3	0	1	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0.333	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.000	
Hoyt, P.	3	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0.333	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.000	
Devorner, C.	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.000	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.000	
Shawkey, P.	1	1	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0.100	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.000	
Quinn, P.	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.000	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.000	
Collins, P.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.000	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.000	
Rogers, P.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.000	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.000	
Baker, P.	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.000	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.000	
Totals.	85	11	18	2	0	0	20	15	16	1	4	0.215	78	46	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.000	

YANKS.													GIANTS.												
Player.	ab	r	h	2b	3b	hr	tb	so	b	hp	sh	avg.	Player.	ab	r	h	2b	3b	hr	tb	so	b	hp	sh	avg.
Burns, C.	13	1	4	1	1	0	7	1	0	0	0	0.308	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.000
Bancroft, S.	13	1	1	0	0	0	1	2	0	0	0	0.077	7	7	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.000
Frish, B.	10	3	7	1	0	0	9	0	0	0	0	0.700	6	7	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.000
Young, R.	8	2	2	1	1	0	5	0	0	0	0	0.250	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.000
Kelly, I.	11	1	0	0	0	0	0	4	2	0	0	0.090	33	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.000
E.Meusel, I.	10	2	3	1	0	0	4	0	1	0	0	0.300	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.000
Rawlings, B.	10	0	0	0	0	0	4	1	0	0	0	0.000	4	13	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.000
Smith, C.	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.000	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.000
Snyder, C.	8	1	4	0	0	0	4	0	0	0	0	0.500	15	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.000
Douglas, P.	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.000	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.000
Barnes, P.	5	2	2	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0.400	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.000
Nehf, P.	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0.000	0	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.000
Toney, P.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.000	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.000
Totals.	96	13	27	3	0	0	36	9	12	1	4	0.281	177	45	3	9	76	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.000

Schlag out, was hit by batted ball in the first game.

Runs

Yankees 5, Giants 13

Yankees 5, Giants 13

Yankees 5, Giants 13

Yankees 5, Giants 13

Yankees 5, Giants 13

Yankees 5, Giants 13

Yankees 5, Giants 13

Yankees 5, Giants 13

Yankees 5, Giants 13

Yankees 5, Giants 13

Yankees 5, Giants 13

Yankees 5, Giants 13

Yankees 5, Giants 13

Yankees 5, Giants 13

Yankees 5, Giants 13

Yankees 5, Giants 13

Yankees 5, Giants 13

Yankees 5, Giants 13

Yankees 5, Giants 13

Yankees 5, Giants 13

Yankees 5, Giants 13

Yankees 5, Giants 13

Yankees 5, Giants 13

Yankees 5, Giants 13

Yankees 5, Giants 13

Yankees 5, Giants 13

Yankees 5, Giants 13

Yankees 5, Giants 13

Yankees 5, Giants 13

Yankees 5, Giants 13

Yankees 5, Giants 13

Yankees 5, Giants 13

Yankees 5, Giants 13

GIANTS' BATS BUSY IN LUCKY SEVENTH

Continued from First Page.

tion. It ceased in the seventh to be so and he was batted round. Rip Collins tried to check the ravage of splitting shots, but was a punching bag. He was worse than nobody. Tom Rogers did much better than any of his belab